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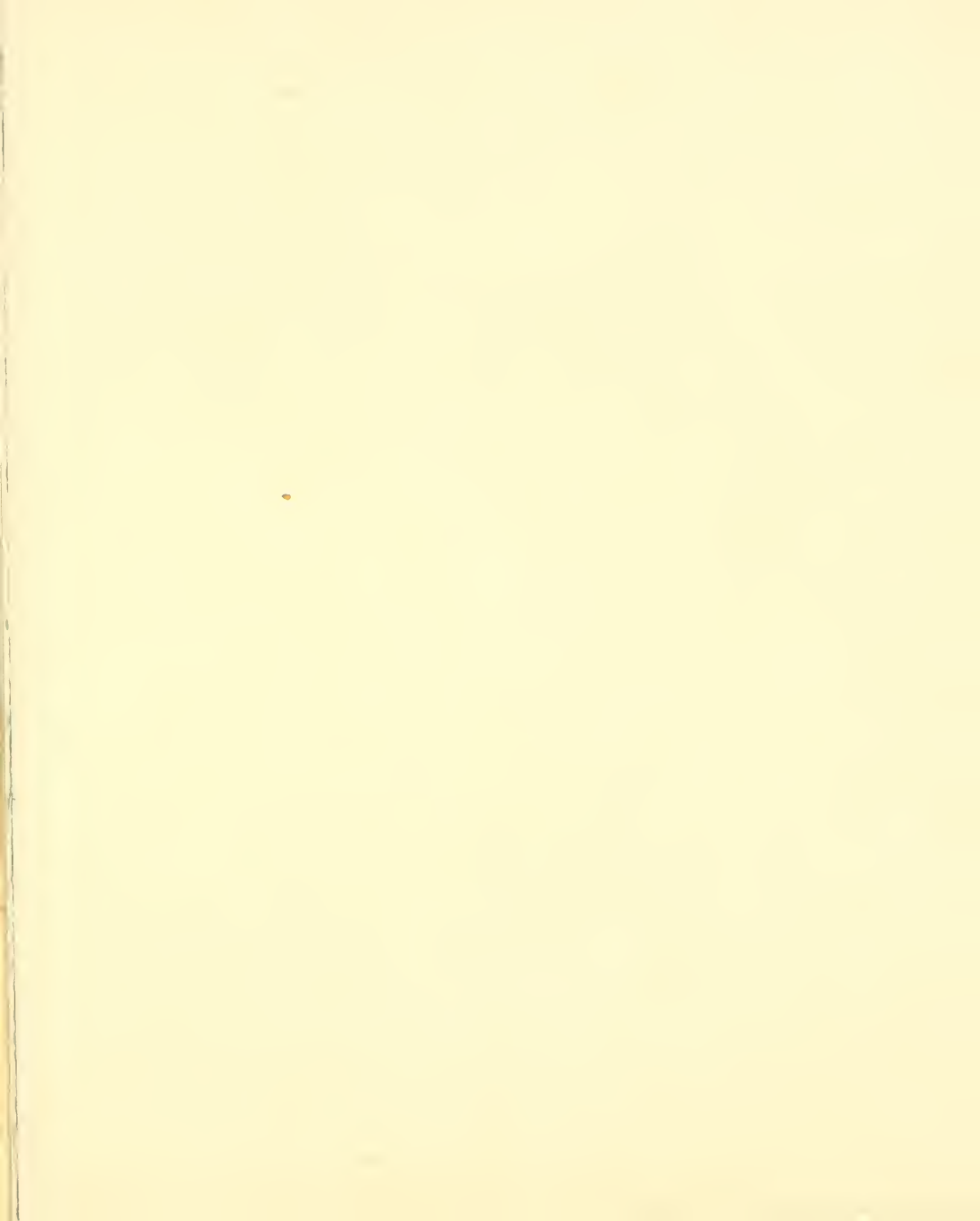
The Heart

The Mind

The Soul

BY F. M. W.







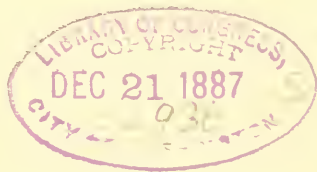
THE HEART, THE MIND, THE SOUL.

*"Keep thy Heart with all diligence, for out of it
are the issues of life."*

"I stir up your pure Minds by way of remembrance."

"Their Soul shall be as a watered garden."

By F. M. W.



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The Heart, the Mind, the Soul.

I.

FAR in this planet's early dawn,
At Nature's wondrous birth,
Man was created, and became,
The habitant of earth :
In God's own image he was made
On that eventful day,
Which bound his bright immortal soul
In tenement of clay !

And wherefore was this wonder wrought ?

Oh, why w^ere souls compelled
To lead on earth a captive life,
And be fast prisoners held ?

Why so securely shut within
The body's circling bars,
That death alone unlocks the gate
To worlds beyond the stars ?

We know this wonder-work was done
By word of God Most High,
And that this life on earth begun
Continues in the sky !

We know the soul within its shell
Held now in fast embrace,
If faithful, shall hereafter dwell
In boundless realms of space !

Ah, then, how strange that man thus born
 An heir of heaven by birth,
And unto whom its peace may dawn
 E'en while he treads the earth ;
Should rarely have the faith to gauge
 His life in worlds on high,
Or realize the heritage
 That waits him in the sky !

How passing strange that he should stand
 On life's receding shore,
And seek upon its shifting sand
 His transient wealth to store !
How passing strange this world's brief day
 Should bound his hopes and fears,
While all unheeded, unperceived,
 Stretch vast, eternal years !

O man, created being, born
To live, and not to die,
Endued with immortality
And native of the sky !
Why, with such bright inheritance
Cleave fast to things below ?
And Esau-like, thy birthright sell,
Thy purest joys forego ?

It is the folly of our race,
Oft worn with care and woe,
To clothe the unknown future here
With Hope's enchanting glow ;
To store our wealth, to form our plans,
For some approaching year
When calmer, brighter days shall dawn,
And mirth dispel the tear !

Could we but lift our wings of Hope
And give them broader range
In those remote, celestial realms,
Beyond the power of change ;
Could we but store our treasures where
Nor moth, nor rust destroy,
How sure our rich inheritance
Of life, of peace, of joy !

To win this rich inheritance
My verse would fain impart
Some luring picture of the way,
Some truth, some charm, some art,
By which to draw the multitude
(Without affliction's rod)
To seek the straight and upward path
That leads from earth, to God !

II.

THIS path we vainly strive to find
Through efforts of our own,
Nor can we climb its steep ascent
Unaided and alone :
Our Saviour Jesus is the Way,
No other can be found,
And His the grace that lifts our feet
Across the stony ground.

But steadfast as this changeless truth
That Christ alone can win
Eternal life for us below
And wash away our sin :
Still, man the privileged gardener is
Of his own human will,
Himself, the richest garden ground
That he can plant or till.

Within this heavenly garden held,
 Within the man enshrined,
Are glorious powers invisible,
 The Heart, the Soul, the Mind.
That these abide in every breast
 No mortal may withstand,
For with each one to love his God
 He hath Divine command.

And graven on the sacred page
 Of Holy Writ we read,
That talents must be multiplied,
 And sown the harvest-seed.
There's not a day that wings its flight
 But tends to good or ill,
For Nature works untiringly,
 Altho' she seems so still !

It is the story often told
Of water, and of sand,
The drops that fill the ocean's depths,
The grains that form the land.
So tiny seeds, and passing words
Are scattered by the air,
We cannot gather them again
Or change the fruit they'll bear.

III.

THE gracious God Who doth to man
All varied gifts impart,
Hath only asked in poor return,
" My son, give *Me* thine *Heart*,
And keep it with all diligence,
With virtue ever rife,
For out of it the issues are
Of everlasting life."

Bestow on it thy watchful care,
Nor rest, till thou hast won :
True wisdom is to fear the Lord
While evil paths we shun.
And know, that when thine heart becomes
Pure, loving, true, and wise,
Then even shall the heart of God
Rejoice, in yonder skies !

Beside this heart, where good and ill
Exist, and oft entwine,
At times, dread hatred's dark abode,
At times, love's sacred shrine !—
Beside this changeful, ardent heart,
A kindred light we find,
The source of man's bright intellect
And called by him, the *Mind* !

That wonder-working power, by which
 He soars afar on high,
And step by step discerns the plan
 And systems of the sky !
By which he penetrates below
 And reads the storied birth
Of mammoth ones that long ago
 Were tenants of the earth !

By which the vast cathedral fane
 With vaulted aisles so wide,
That daylight ever seems to wane
 And twilight to abide,
Was raised, with stone by stone create,
 Till now all still and grand,
It stands on earth, an open gate
 To God's celestial land.

Oh, mighty is the breadth of mind
That God to man hath given,
It spans the world from pole to pole,
It leaps from earth to heaven !
A subtle charm upon it rests
When cultured and refined,
If reverence, faith, humility,
Within it are enshrined,

But cultured mind devoid of faith,
Without the Gospel creed,
Oh care not for its treasured wealth,
Its learning do not heed :
It is not of a perfect type,
Its stature is not high,
It is not meet, it is not ripe
For mansions in the sky !

And now we pass unto the *Soul*.

That germ the most divine
Among the three unseen, and yet
So capable to shine
In radiance of reflected light,
The light of Christ, the Lord,
Whose Life in us our glory is,
Our hope of sure reward.

The Soul that may in stillness wend
Through space a trackless flight,
And by an aspiration send
Its thought to realms of light,
In silence, on the wings of prayer,
Escape what it enshrouds,
Ascend the airy firmament
And pass beyond the clouds !

IV.

WHEN seek the Heart, the Mind, the Soul,
United to attain
The true and best development
That each, and all, may gain ;
Then shall be seen perfected here
The high and lofty plan,
That dwelt within the mind of God
When He created man.

There's nothing great and beautiful
Or of a value rare,
But it hath grown by slow degrees
Full oft through toil and care ;
So these immortal germs of light
Must here our labors share,
If we would find them, as the stars,
In radiant glory there !

And nothing in God's Universe
Is lost, however small,
From man, unto the faded leaves,
That in the forest fall !
Again we find them reproduced,
Again they bloom and bear,
And always in the self-same garb
The parent seed did wear.

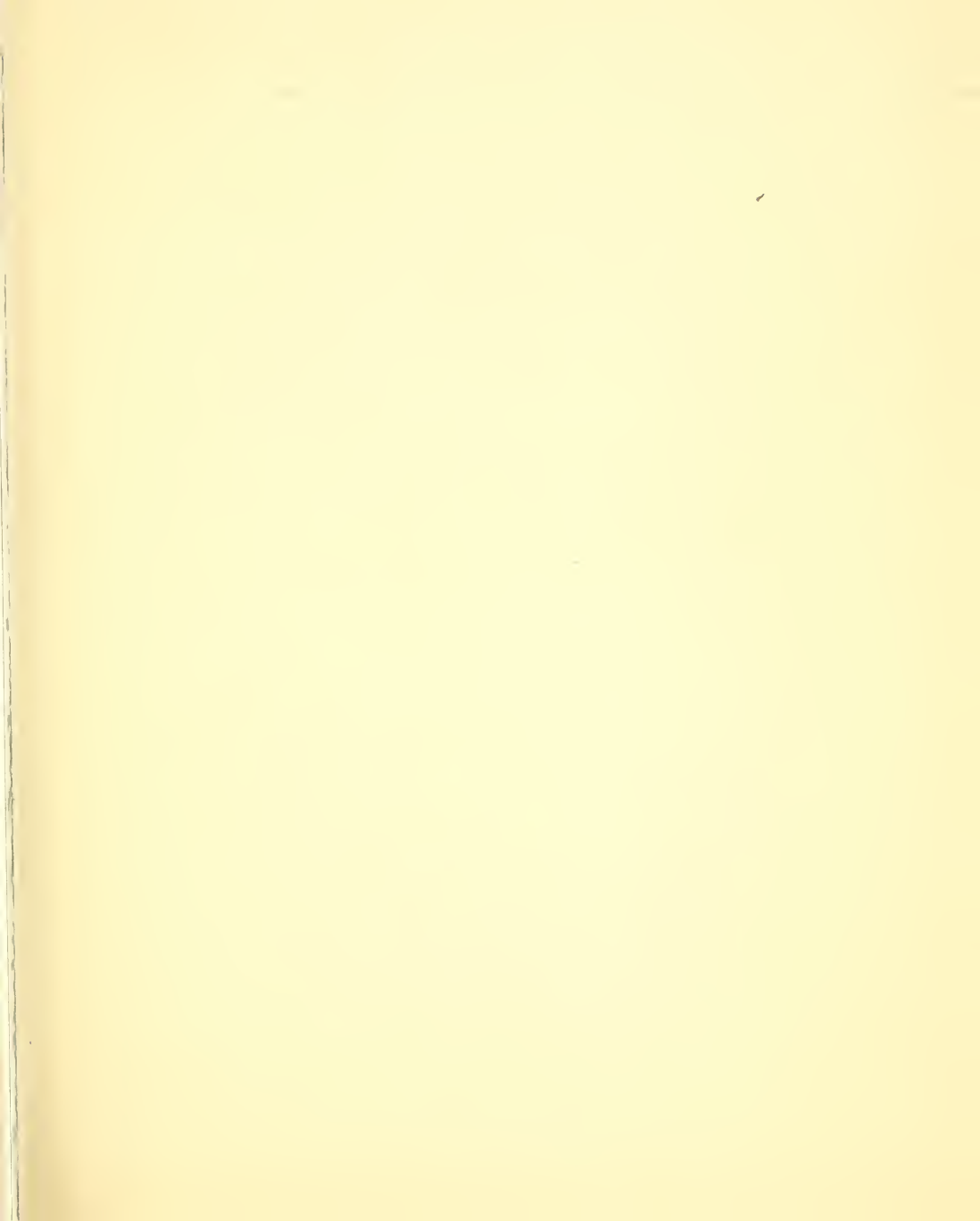
“ Be not deceived, God is not mocked ”
If to the flesh ye sow,
Ye shall of flesh corruption reap
Above, and here below :
But if, in wisdom and in faith,
Ye, to the Spirit sow,
Your seed to everlasting life
Shall live and upward grow.

Then hasten ere the cord be loosed,
Or marred the golden bowl,
And hasten while the days and years
In quick succession roll ;
Oh haste to plant for Harvest-time
And planting oft repeat,
Ye cannot sow the thistle seed
And reap the golden wheat !

*Death works no great mysterious change
When break the circling bars,
The same the spirit sinks to sleep,
It wakes, beyond the stars !*







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